Donn Platt's Chapter on Grotesque Gig Worship-How We Insult our Ancestors - Where to Hunt Snobs.

Once upon a time, years since, I sat in the hotel at Dover, waiting for the winds and out suffering more torture than the law al- genius. lows. I was given to much delay at Calais as well as Dover, for I had come to replize that there was more seasickness in a given space on that channel than on any other in the S ato of the United States.

water known to humanity. The boats are small in size, but possessed nel steamer has six distinct motions, any back motion, then from back to forward. to right, then one up and down motion that altar erected to the rich and well born. is dreadful, especially the down, when the attraction of gravitation seems to leave one with the most awful sensation of following

a regard for humanity, gave me motive for hearts, especially rich and well-born hearts, and I was disgusted with those as if by magic.

But we do not raternize on the subject of music. Music has been nearer to breaking up our little Damon and Pythias business. epauletted stupidities that found in the proposed tunnel danger to England. That born out of wedlock. The son of a Russian a dark, narrow hole, one piece of artillery prince and a slave woman, he had the mark could easily defend and an ounce of dyna- of Caiu all over him under his silken attire.

land's safety. However, I was not waiting to have the tunnel constructed, but for time when tide belongs, in Ouida's church of worship dediand current and winds should all agree, that | cated to the god of gig society. From being I might sail over without dying outright. as brave as clever, he suddenly passed to a The Dover hotel in which I found myself | cowardice that sickens one. From the keen, was a common enough looking affair, but clear-eyed sagacity of a finished diplomat, possessed of comforts, and I read novels, and he changed to a sneak, and more fatal than gazed idly around me at the badly dressed all, from being a deliciously wicked fellow of uniforms, when my attention was attracted by a woman some forty years of age, who was gorgeously attired, and seemed in her manner to feel that she was somebody, and anxious to impress others with that fact. She was tall, well set up, with England's lime-stone formation in the way of bones, well covered with adipose, rather coarse in tissue, garnished with light blue eyes, and an abundance of yellow hair.

There was something vulgar in this woman's appearance when quiet, and it be- man-killers, a gorgeously gotten up stupidcame oppressive when she moved, and that ity on aristocratic legs, and the interest was nearly all the time. She seemed to court observation and at the same time de- been heard from, that the returns are all in,

I cannot put in words precisely the very nounced—we expect our hero to tower up, unpleasant impression this loudly dressed master of the situation. weman caused the looker on, but her dress and manner were the essence of bad taste and vulgarity. She attracted one, however, and I was not surprised when a friend told me that this bumptious person was culiar to this high-born earth. none other than Ouida, the well known .

strange creature passed from my view for- band begs for mercy. ever, as I could have lightened the bore of my waiting, by studying a pen driver whose writings are certainly remarkable, and whose influence in my own land is phenome-

Ouida is the high priestess of Flunkydom, and the great mass of those she ministers to are free born Americans whose social to his persecutor, but having done so he and physical structures are based on a betief in equality and honor to honest toil. try's flag about his illegitimate person and The late Disraeli, "me Lord Beaconsfield," was the high priest. And the power of this sort of church may be appreciated when we remember that he was a poor Jew, had the best of the argument, and triumphed who seld his brilliant talents to the moneyed aristocracy of England.

grostesque and contemptible as with us. gorgeous wife him that the peld his noble Descendents of laborers, we are a nation of shop-keepers, with no more claim to gig-life

It was that aste of good ink and the time that comes of being well born, as they call arrange to an agricultural report, it, than we have to common sense. There is to read this fustian, but for the melancholy something pitiful and mean in our cickly fact that this makes the staple reading of efforts to appear other than what we are, for the ambition is not come and the effort inof an insult to our ancestors.

Since the great French revolution the aristocracy have been driven out of their native novels are most in demand, and you will lands, but they have willingly emigrate. find Ouida leads all the rest, ten to one. They have too pleasant a time at home. A Drop in at the nearest public library and defew younger sons, convicted of crime, were mand of the librarian the books most sought ent, with other convicts, to Virginia, that was for a time a penal colony. With this Southworth." exception the great mass that conquered a continent, and set up the great republic, were laborers, and we should be proud of

We are not, I am grieved to say. Lamartine told me that were he hunting snobs and funky worshippers of the vilest sort, he would go among the American colony at Paris. He thought, and so asserted, that they were exceptions to the great mass of noble descendents of heroic sires. He was ple in that respect. There is not a man or woman among us who is not eager to bump his or her empty skull upon the floor in

I was one of a crowd invited by Mrs. superior beings. Dealgren, of Washington, to meet an Eng- An American lady foolishly carried a would only recognize me on the street, and Heb prince-I have forgotten which one- letter of introduction to Cuida at Florence. give me a chance, I would apologize; but he and it made me sick to see the hungry-eyed In the conversation that followed, the vulgar maintains a cold and haughty reserve, which women look at the young man, as if they creator of an absurd aristocracy said: wished to eat him, while senators and members of the cabinet addressed the poor boy

with bated breath. The violence we do titles comes of this in- your nasty books." nate snobbery. No man is content with | And this is not only true, but they are read plain Mr., and the crop of colonels, judges, by our people with an effect unknown in loves you that tells you candidly what he governors is second only to agriculture pro- in Europe. The freedom given young people thinks of your person, your pretensions, ducts, that we are assured underlie our pros- by our peculiar social and political structures | your children or your poems. Perfect canperity, as a people. Of course, under this leaves such impressions as these vile books | dor is dictated by envy or some other un-

state of fact, Ouida, who deals only with produce to have results unpleasantly start-elegant and titled people, is a great favorite. ling to the more thoughtful. The high priestess is not without power. Her descriptive faculty is great, and she bald-headed, bottle-nosed commission merpossesses certain dramatic instincts that, chant, who had been reading it on the cars.

bery, would be yet greater. it with impossible characters. The castle is denouncing "Onida" as silly or stupid. as grand as any one could weave out of clouds | Another popular author with us from the in a gorgeons sunset There is a little lake same cause, our flunkyism, but not so so which the gardens of this palatial affair | wicked as "Ouida," was the late Disraeli,

are terraced, and this lake is subject to impos- His gig society was oppressive, with its sible storms, to which those of the tropics | mighty lords and ladies in fine linen, furs, are flea bites. The storms are necessary to the drowning and half drowning of people to any great extent in England, and the few who read ridiculed and laughed at his novels. show of reason, and invariably without life- We devoured them. preservers, and no humane station near other condescends to save all of use to the story.

All this seems very unpromising material dinner once. The bright little woman had for a novel, and yet one gets interested. The crammed for the occasion, and let fall some cloud castle changes into stone and marble; neat reference to the great man's novels. the impossible characters take on life and individuality, and up to a certain point the said, "without being told." waters of the channel to agree upon some interest deserving the works of superior most intellectual holds to the book with an

the interest dies out, and, at least, a remaining third falls as flat as our average debate

her religion. This peculiar lady has her re- and Germany-that our solons do not beof a capacity to torture far ahead of Eng- ligion. It is a worship of rank, and it is as think themselves of a remedy. This is to be land's huge leviathans, whose thunder shakes | blind and bigoted as any creed known to | had in an international copyright. The the earth, or words to that effect. A chan- humanity. A French playwright, the mas- literary poison is not only profuse, but it is ter-artist of to-day, the Greek of modern | cheap. Until our government sees fit to one of which is enough to have silenced the Europe, will sacrifice all the character of his ancient mariner. There is a forward and drama for a telling dramatic situation. Ouida will sarifice both character and situathen one from right to left, then from left tion born of her dramatic instincts upon the before, and so spare your readers.

The hero of this story is a superior being in all things but one, and that is fatal. He is handsome as the son-in-law of the late the floor into utter nothinguess. There are | Horace Greeley. His attainments equal his some very reliable people who insist on another motion that is a combination of all the others. I never reached that, being intellect, and both are ridiculous. He could as the leader of an orchestra. He could paralyze Bierstadt with mine first-rate generally; but there's quite insensible before that impossible condition is reached.

That proposed tunnel greatly interested me, although I never expect to cross the land of the silver-tongued orators of all Europe. As a diplomat he made Bismarck sing smell, as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second, and in a state of armed as to the second as the second as to the second as t me, although I never expect to cross the a diplomat he made Bismarck sing small. channel again. A memory of the past and As a finished man of the world he won all

He had but one sin, and that was being mite destroy, could, by any possibility be | This at last betrayed him, for being stripped made a danger of, is as absurd as to assert in the forest, after being wounded by a wild that in the channel's sea-sickness lies Eng. | boar, his enemy, another bore on two legs, saw the marks and hurled him down to the women and worse drassed men, in and out he developed the goody goodness of the man

This is fearful rot, and the more exasper- It was not a troupe of great prominence; ating because the author so narrowly escapes | but the show-bills were very well done, and a superb dramatic situation, and the preser- the whole company wore plug hat So I vation of her hero, upon the interest in whom centres the interest of the story.

When this beautiful hero staggers from his sick room of the cloud earth, to the apartment of his rival, the superb nobleman born in the boly wedlock of generations of noble culminates—we know the back counties have and the momentous result is to be an-

It is nothing of the sort. The poor devil "You know me?" he says, holding on to some piece of the gorgeous upholstery, pe-

"I know you," responds in icy coldness and contempt the evolved greatness on aris-I regretted the information came as this | tocratic legs. And then the miserable hus-

I say this is not only exasperating because of the jolt we get in the loss of a high dramatic situation, but for the fact that we have wasted so much valuable emotion on the dog. It was all right and proper for this fraud to seek the chamber of his enemy, to find, if possible, how much of his case was known should have wrapped the folds of his coungone down to slow music.

A French artist would have done better. After a scene in which the hero would have over the pet of legitimate aristocracy, There is no part of the world, in which that was to have the privilege of breaking this gig-worship, as Carlyle calls it, is so the awful news of his woef

> our educated idiots, and our educated idiots make the vast majority of our reading public. Stop at the first book store or newsstand for light literature, and ask what for, and the response will be "Ouida and

> On such rot are our people being fed. Our citizens grow up on such literary training. It was an Irishman who, noting the increase of crime, said "be dad, but crime is improving." Between the lascivious drama and such novels as those of Ouida, stolen by managers and publishers from Europe, we are educating the masses to a cheerful condition, evidently.

In England, where the people see hourly mistaken; they fairly represented our peo-make the aristocracy, there is a healthy antidote in the knowledge. But with us this class is unknown, save in the novels and plays, where it is depicted as composed of

"I hate Americans." "You should not," was the keen retort, "for they are the only people who read

I got my copy of "Wanda" from an old were they not marred by her intense snob- "I seldom read novels," he said, deprecatingly, "but I found that very interesting-One of her later novels, "Wanda," illus very interesting, indeed." May Satan seize trates this. In the mountains of Nowhere | me if I did not find it the same, up to that she builds an impossible castle and peoples point of dramatic failure. So there is no use

My Lord Beaconsfield took Mrs. Chesethan the proud heart of the noble lady, who | borough, the beautiful and accomplished wife of our secretary of legation, at London, to "I should know you were American," he

"By what," she asked. "By not only the fact that American women are more beautiful than ours of Eng-Up to a certain point, I say, for suddenly | gland, but they are the only people possessed of enough good taste to read my books."

It is strange that with this evil preying upon us-and I mean not only Oulda, but Ouida was her weakness, and it comes in on | the lascivious leg pieces we get from France protect our authors we cannot have a literaliterature. I have threshed out this straw

MAC-O-CHEEK, Q., Aug. 26.

Bill Nye's Terpsicorean Taste Gets a

neutrality as to the last. But we do not fraternize on the subject of up our little Damon and Pythias business than anything else. He is all soul and song. I am sordid and plebeian in my tastes. He would willingly pay five dollars to get a glimpse of the tonsils of a great primadonna, while I steal away to revel in the common song of the negro minstrel.

This, he claims, constitutes one of the great distinguishing characteristics between the man whose blood is a deep navy-blue and one who is constructed of common clay. Mayhap. I use the word mayhap here in its broadest sense.

A few weeks ago my friend and I had one of these discussions, in which he tried to make me believe that Theodore Thomas was musical director when the morring stars sang together, and I replied with one of my most scathing epigrams, after which he curled up like a retrousse summer squash. judged it would be a pretty good performance. My friend, myself and another lead-



They outnumbered us three to one. There were only two of the company who were at all facetious, and they were drunk. They were drunk by special request of the management. After the olio had been half rendered, the audience decided that it would be nothing more than right to jump on the stage and kill the entire company. On secend thought, however, we gave it up, as they outnumbered us three to one. So we had to sit there and stand it.

I suppress the names of the leading citizen and my friend, as they are highly connected. So am I, for that matter; but I have been a justice of the peace and postmaster for eight years, and a man who has been on the bench and in public life off and on glories in his shame; he cultivates a cuticle like the rind of a fire-proof penitentiary. So I come before my constituents to-day and admit that I was present at this grand fare-well performance. It was what might be termed an involuntary farewell perform-ance, for the sheriff acted as property man after that, and the company disbanded, some going into Minnesota harvest fields, and the rest adopting other specialties.



I saw the clog dancer last week distributing Paris green on some potato bugs on a small farm, wearing a plug hat and singing "Empty is the Cradle, Baby's Gone." One of the end men is driving an ice wagon in a neighboring town, and the clarionet swallower of the orchestra is holdng down a free claim in Dakota.

I took my friend to the minstrels to convince him that there is more genuine enjoyment in a simple melody than there is in the higher type of music, which requires a cultivated ear to interpret; but I feel intuitively that I did not succeed. Neither of us has mentioned it, however. In fact, I was about to say we never speak as we pass by. If he is slowly but surely crushing out my young

Brutal persons who take credit to themselves for what they call "frankness," receive this merited slap from a writer in Blackwood's Magazine: "It is not he who friendly feeling. Friendship is candid only when candor is urgent-meant to avert impending danger or to rectify an error. The candor which is an impertinence never springs from friendship. Love is sympathetic. The man whom you indignantly defend against any accusation brought by another, so confident are you in his unshakable integrity, you may momentarily suspect of crimes far exceeding those which. you repudiated. Indeed, I have known sagacious men to hold that perfect frankness in expressing the thoughts is a sure sign of imperfect friendship. Society re P. O. BOX 380. HONOLULU. poses on a very thin crust of convention,"

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